

**MARVEL**  
*COMICS*

**THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS!**



**OCT**  
**#368**

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

# DAREDEVIL

WITHOUT FEARS

THE MAN

*The*  
**WIDOW'S  
DEADLY  
KISS**

*A. Olivetti*  
97  
**ATOMIC**

Featuring:  
**Omega  
Red**

**KELLY COLAN LaROSA**



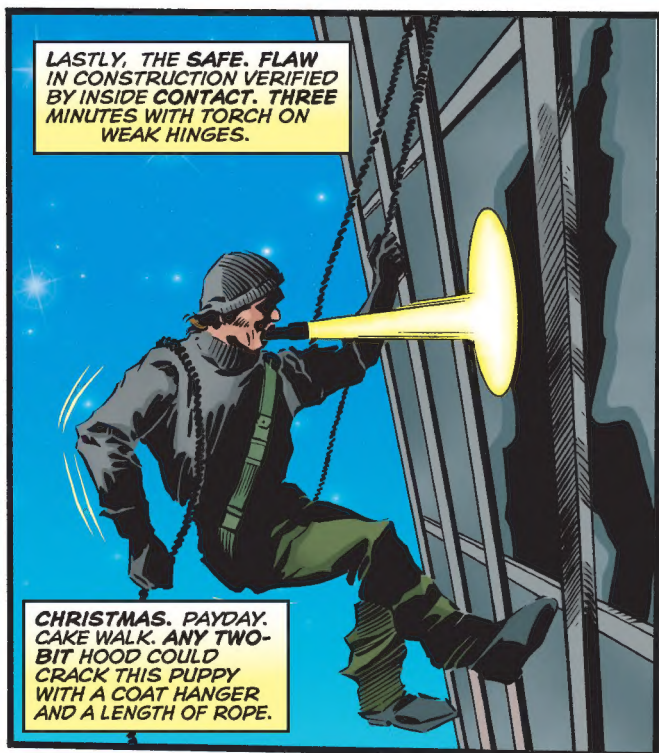


**I** NEW YORK CITY...  
A SIMPLE GAME.

FIFTY-STORY SKYSCRAPER.  
MIRRORED JOB. RAPPEL  
TO THE THIRTY-FIFTH FLOOR.  
NO ALARMS ON GLASS.

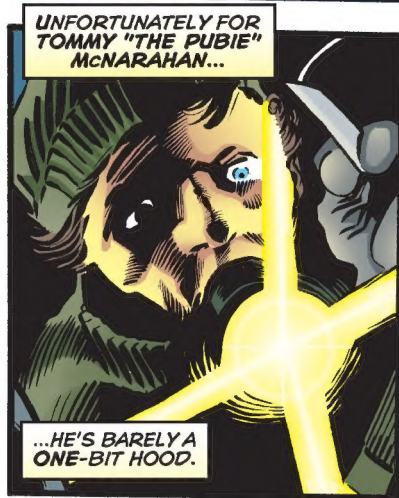
ONCE INSIDE, DISABLE  
AFTER-MARKET MOTION  
DETECTORS WITH  
ALUMINUM POWDER  
SPRAY. NO PROB.

THAT'S WHAT YOU GET  
FOR BUILDING A SECURITY  
SYSTEM ON THE CHEAP.



LASTLY, THE SAFE. FLAW  
IN CONSTRUCTION VERIFIED  
BY INSIDE CONTACT. THREE  
MINUTES WITH TORCH ON  
WEAK HINGES.

CHRISTMAS. PAYDAY.  
CAKE WALK. ANY TWO-  
BIT HOOD COULD  
CRACK THIS PUPPY  
WITH A COAT HANGER  
AND A LENGTH OF ROPE.



UNFORTUNATELY FOR  
TOMMY "THE PUBIE"  
MCNARAHAN...

...HE'S BARELY A  
ONE-BIT HOOD.



HALF A BIT  
AT BEST.



MY LIGHT  
AND CUTTER/  
I -- Aw GEEZ... WHO  
WAS I FOOLING?  
MASTER THIEF...  
FEH!



EXCUSE  
ME, TOMMY...



# WIDOW'S KISS

...YOU  
REALLY OUGHT TO  
BE CAREFUL WHERE  
YOU THROW YOUR  
TRASH.

LITTERING  
IS AGAINST THE  
LAW IN THIS  
TOWN...

**JOE KELLY**  
WRITER

**GENE "THE  
DEAN" COLAN**  
PENCILER

**BUD LAROSA**  
INKER

**CHRISTIE  
SCHEELE**  
COLOR

**RICHARD STARKINGS  
& COMICRAFT/KF**  
LETTERS

**JAYE  
GARDNER**  
EDITOR

**BOB  
HARRAS**  
CHIEF

AND I,  
FOR ONE,  
GIVE A  
HOOT.







NOW  
THAT I'VE GOT  
YOUR **UNDIVIDED**  
ATTENTION...

...WHAT  
DO YOU SAY  
WE HAVE A **CHAT**,  
TOM? **DEVIL TO**  
**DELINQUENT?**

S-SURE...  
WHATEVER YOU  
SAY...

...JUST  
DON'T L-LET  
ME **FALL**.

**THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE...**  
**A SHORT SWING ACROSS**  
**TOWN LATER...**

OF  
**COURSE NOT!**  
AT LEAST,  
NOT **BEFORE**  
**SUNRISE**.

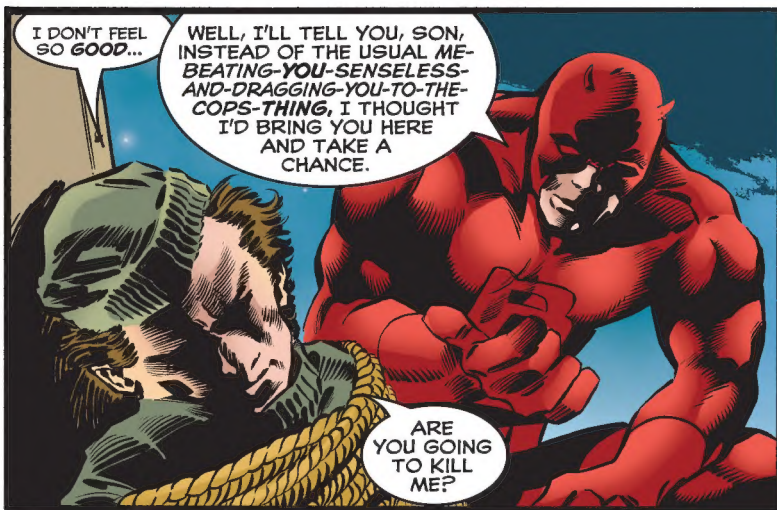
THE  
**DAWN IS**  
**SPECTACULAR**  
FROM UP HERE. I  
PROMISE YOU'LL  
**LOVE IT**. WE'LL  
WORRY ABOUT  
THE **AFTER...**  
**AFTER.**

Oh  
GOD...

YEAH,  
IT'S **SOMETHING**  
UP HERE. SORT OF  
RESTORES YOUR  
FAITH IN THINGS,  
DOESN'T IT?

EVEN A  
**BLIND MAN** COULD  
APPRECIATE THE **MAGIC**  
OF THE PLACE. THE GHOST  
TASTE OF **SALT...** SONG OF  
THE **GULLS** COMING HOME  
TO **ROOST**.

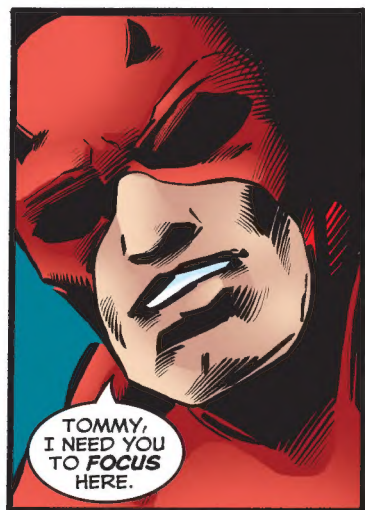
BUT, I  
**DIGRESS**. YOU'RE  
PROBABLY  
WONDERING WHY  
YOU AREN'T HALF-  
WAY TO THE  
**HOOSEGOW** BY  
NOW, AREN'T  
YA, TOM?



I DON'T FEEL  
SO **GOOD...**

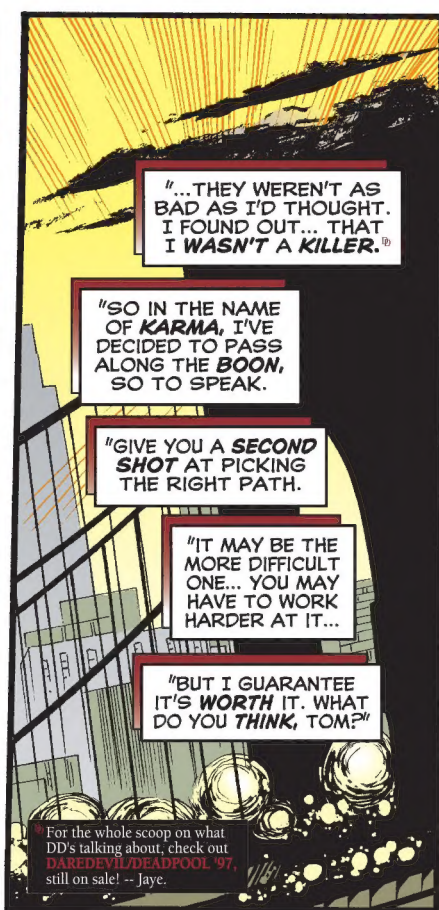
WELL, I'LL TELL YOU, SON,  
INSTEAD OF THE USUAL **ME-  
BEATING-YOU-SENSELESS-  
AND-DRAGGING-YOU-TO-THE-  
COPS-THING**, I THOUGHT  
I'D BRING YOU HERE  
AND TAKE A  
CHANCE.

ARE  
YOU GOING  
TO **KILL**  
ME?



TOMMY,  
I NEED YOU  
TO **FOCUS**  
HERE.







...SOME PEOPLE ARE SUCH  
**BRIGHT** POINTS OF **LIGHT**...  
THAT THEY **OUTSHINE** THE  
SUN **ALTOGETHER**.

PEOPLE LIKE THE WOMAN WHO  
I OUGHT TO BE SHARING THIS  
GOOD **VIBE** WITH...

...**KAREN**.

FOR ALL SHE'S **BEEN**  
THROUGH LATELY --

-- THE **STATION** CLOSING  
DOWN... THE **ATTACK** BY  
**MR. FEAR** --

-- SHE DESERVES A  
LITTLE EXTRA SUN IN  
HER LIFE ABOUT NOW.

NEVER LET IT BE  
SAID THAT I'M  
NOT A **ROMANTIC**.

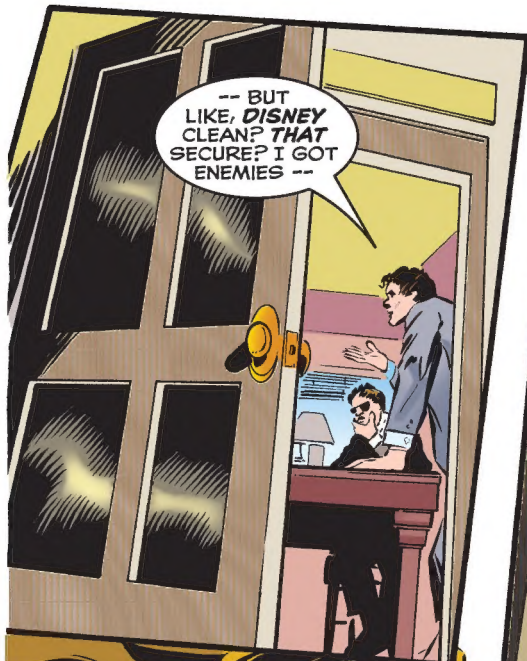
Dinner  
Tonight -  
Wear something  
Touchy Feeley

**L**ATER, AT THE PRESTIGIOUS  
LAW FIRM OF SHARPE,  
NELSON AND MURDOCK...

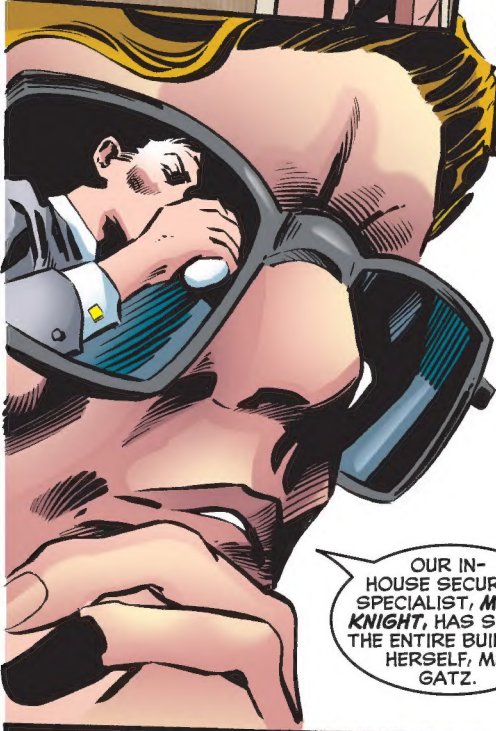
...WHERE THE SUN IS  
SOMETIMES AFRAID  
TO SHINE...

IS  
THIS A **CLEAN**  
ROOM? I MEAN  
**REALLY** CLEAN, NOT  
**CITY HALL** CLEAN,  
NOT **WHITE HOUSE**  
CLEAN --





-- BUT  
LIKE, *DISNEY*  
CLEAN? *THAT*  
SECURE? I GOT  
ENEMIES --



OUR IN-  
HOUSE SECURITY  
SPECIALIST, *MISTY*  
*KNIGHT*, HAS SWEEPED  
THE ENTIRE BUILDING  
HERSELF, Mr.  
GATZ.

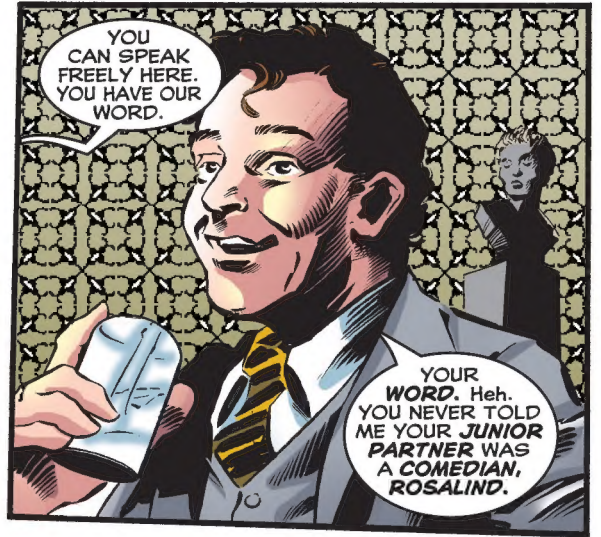


PARANOID DELUSIONS ARE  
BACK IN FASHION FOR YOUNG  
UPSTART MILLIONAIRES I  
SEE.

YOU'RE  
ALWAYS ON  
TOP OF THE  
TRENDS,  
*WILLIAM*.

PARANOID...  
I WISH.

NOT TO BE  
CRUDE, BUT LAST WEEK,  
SOMEONE BUGGED MY  
*BOXER SHORTS*... WHILE  
I WAS *WEARING THEM*!



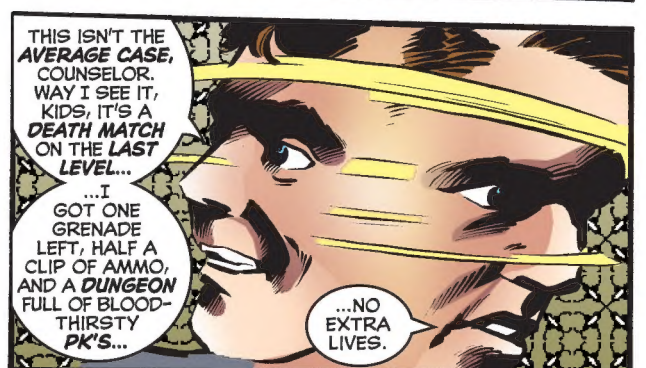
YOU  
CAN SPEAK  
FREELY HERE.  
YOU HAVE OUR  
WORD.

YOUR  
WORD. Heh.  
YOU NEVER TOLD  
ME YOUR *JUNIOR*  
PARTNER WAS A  
COMEDIAN,  
*ROSALIND*.



IT'S  
THAT *BOYISH*  
NAIVETÉ THAT  
DREW ME  
TO *MATTHEW*  
IN THE FIRST  
PLACE!

BELIEVE  
IT OR NOT,  
SOMETIMES IT  
*CLINCHES OUR*  
*CASES*!



THIS ISN'T THE  
*AVERAGE CASE*,  
COUNSELOR.  
WAY I SEE IT,  
KIDS, IT'S A  
*DEATH MATCH*  
ON THE LAST  
LEVEL...

...I  
GOT ONE  
GRENADE  
LEFT, HALF A  
CLIP OF AMMO,  
AND A *DUNGEON*  
FULL OF BLOOD-  
THIRSTY  
PK'S...

...NO  
EXTRA  
LIVES.





VIDEO GAME REFERENCES, MURDOCK.

YOU DON'T GET TO BE THE HEAD OF THE NATION'S BIGGEST SOFTWARE COMPANY BY MIXING YOUR METAPHORS.

THANKS, I'LL DO MY BEST TO KEEP UP.

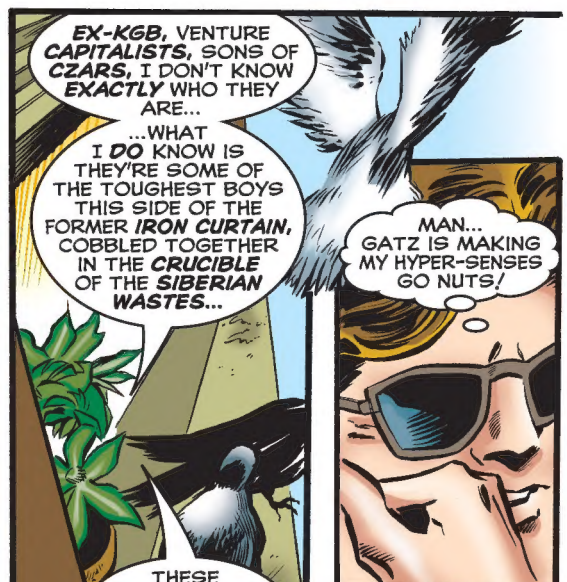


THE SHARKS ARE CIRCLING, ROSALIND.

CORPORATE BARONS ARE PREPARING FOR A TAKE-OVER...

THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING.

RUSSIANS? BILLY, PLEASE --

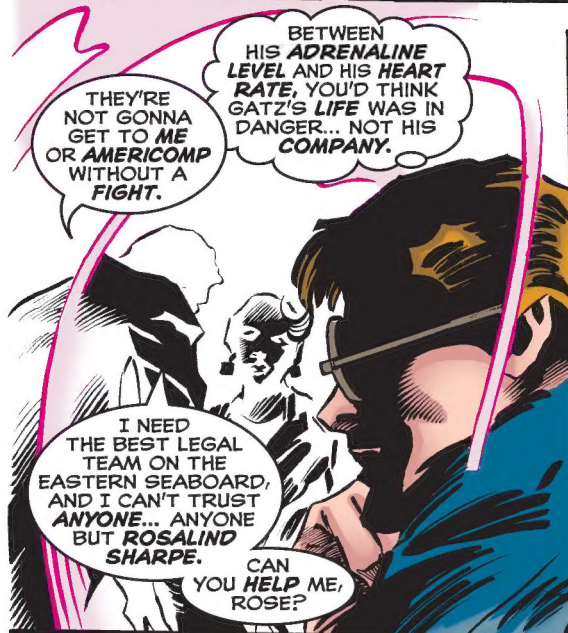


EX-KGB, VENTURE CAPITALISTS, SONS OF CZARS, I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHO THEY ARE...

...WHAT I DO KNOW IS THEY'RE SOME OF THE TOUGHEST BOYS THIS SIDE OF THE FORMER IRON CURTAIN, COBBLED TOGETHER IN THE CRUCIBLE OF THE SIBERIAN WASTES...

MAN... GATZ IS MAKING MY HYPER-SENSES GO NUTS!

THESE GUYS COULD MAKE SEBASTIAN SHAW SWEAT HIS SHORTS.

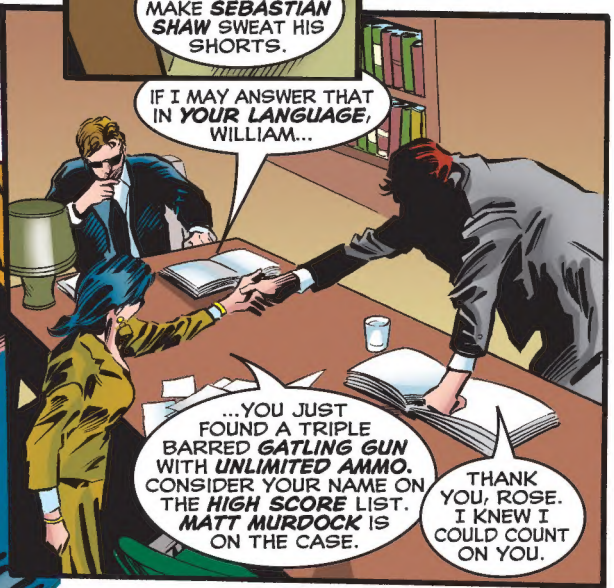


THEY'RE NOT GONNA GET TO ME OR AMERICOMP WITHOUT A FIGHT.

BETWEEN HIS ADRENALINE LEVEL AND HIS HEART RATE, YOU'D THINK GATZ'S LIFE WAS IN DANGER... NOT HIS COMPANY.

I NEED THE BEST LEGAL TEAM ON THE EASTERN SEABOARD, AND I CAN'T TRUST ANYONE... ANYONE BUT ROSALIND SHARPE.

CAN YOU HELP ME, ROSE?



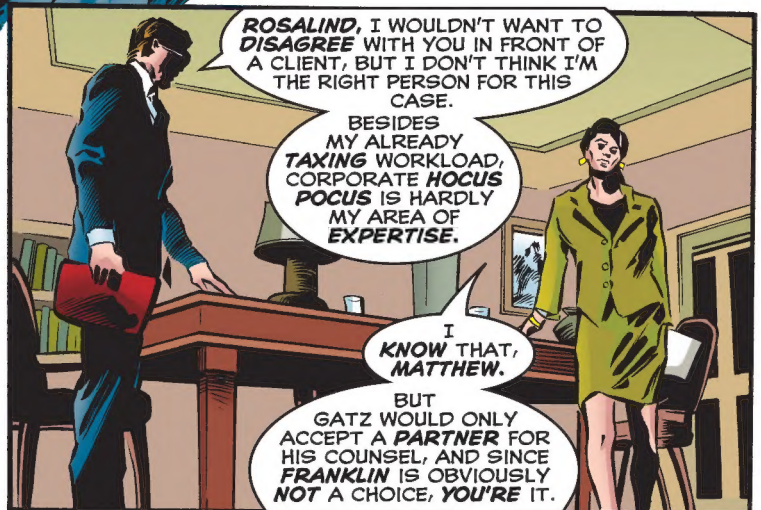
IF I MAY ANSWER THAT IN YOUR LANGUAGE, WILLIAM...

...YOU JUST FOUND A TRIPLE BARRELED GUN WITH UNLIMITED AMMO. CONSIDER YOUR NAME ON THE HIGH SCORE LIST. MATT MURDOCK IS ON THE CASE.

THANK YOU, ROSE. I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOU.



SEE YOU LATER, MURDOCK. MEET ME AT AMERICOMP FOR A NEGOTIATION MEETING.



ROSALIND, I WOULDN'T WANT TO DISAGREE WITH YOU IN FRONT OF A CLIENT, BUT I DON'T THINK I'M THE RIGHT PERSON FOR THIS CASE.

BESIDES MY ALREADY TAXING WORKLOAD, CORPORATE HOCUS FOCUS IS HARDLY MY AREA OF EXPERTISE.

I KNOW THAT, MATTHEW.

BUT GATZ WOULD ONLY ACCEPT A PARTNER FOR HIS COUNSEL, AND SINCE FRANKLIN IS OBVIOUSLY NOT A CHOICE, YOU'RE IT.





DON'T  
FRET, MATTHEW.  
YOU'LL HAVE THE  
WHOLE **CORPORATE**  
WING AT YOUR  
BECK AND  
CALL.

BUT WHY  
NOT YOU? I THOUGHT  
YOU TWO WERE CHUMS  
FROM THE **OLD DAYS**.



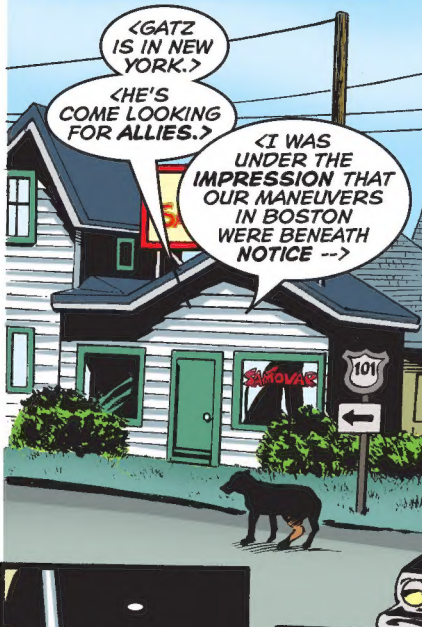
WE WERE...BUT GATZ  
IS A "**CHUM**" FROM  
**BOSTON**.

POINT  
IN PRACTICE, I  
DON'T DO WORK  
IN BOSTON...

...OR  
FOR ANYONE  
WITH **TIES**  
TO BOSTON.

"I DON'T EVEN WEAR  
**RED SOCKS**. EVER. FAR  
AS I'M CONCERNED, THE  
CITY DOESN'T **EXIST**.  
ARE WE **CLEAR**?"

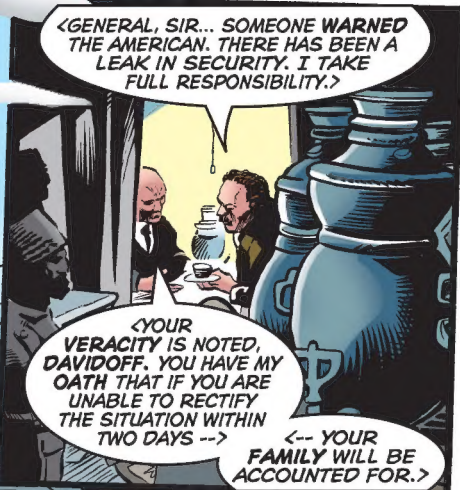
**ELSEWHERE: BRIGHTON  
BEACH, QUEENS. IN A  
NONDESCRIPT SHOP  
SPECIALIZING IN UKRAINIAN  
CURIOS...**



<GATZ  
IS IN NEW  
YORK.>

<HE'S  
COME LOOKING  
FOR ALLIES.>

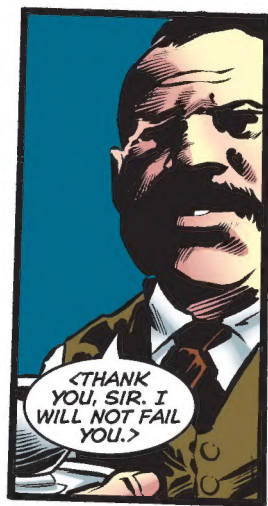
<I WAS  
UNDER THE  
IMPRESSION THAT  
OUR MANEUVERS  
IN BOSTON  
WERE BENEATH  
NOTICE -->



<GENERAL, SIR... SOMEONE WARNED  
THE AMERICAN. THERE HAS BEEN A  
LEAK IN SECURITY. I TAKE  
FULL RESPONSIBILITY.>

<YOUR  
VERACITY IS NOTED,  
DAVIDOFF. YOU HAVE MY  
OATH THAT IF YOU ARE  
UNABLE TO RECTIFY  
THE SITUATION WITHIN  
TWO DAYS -->

<-- YOUR  
FAMILY WILL BE  
ACCOUNTED FOR.>

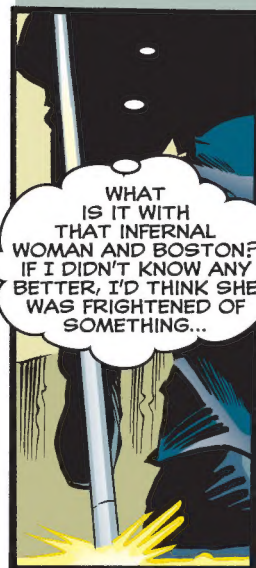


<THANK  
YOU, SIR. I  
WILL NOT FAIL  
YOU.>



<I KNOW. IN THE  
MEANTIME...>

<...I  
SUGGEST  
THAT YOU USE  
SOME LOCAL  
TALENT TO SHAKE  
UP Mr. GATZ.  
SOMEONE  
LARGE...>



WHAT  
IS IT WITH  
THAT INFERNAL  
WOMAN AND BOSTON?  
IF I DIDN'T KNOW ANY  
BETTER, I'D THINK SHE  
WAS FRIGHTENED OF  
SOMETHING...



BUT WHAT COULD  
PUT A **SCARE**  
INTO ROSALIND  
SHARPE?

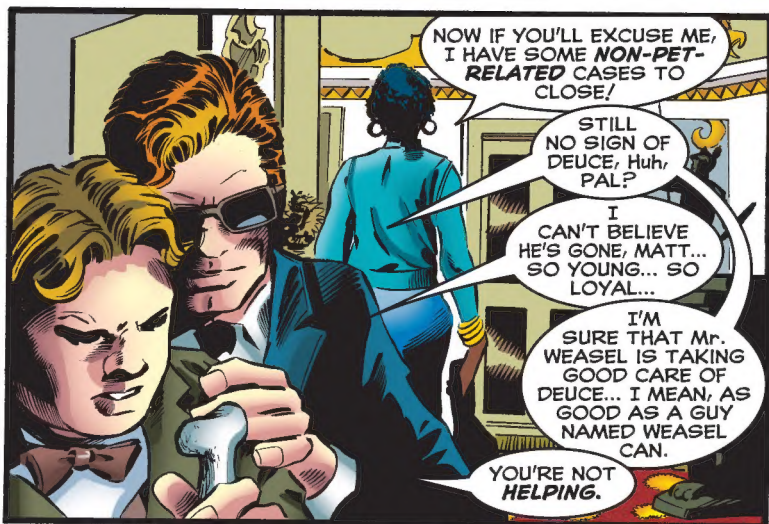


FOGGY,  
I ALREADY  
TOLD YOU THAT  
A **PERSON** HAS TO  
BE MISSING TO  
FILE A **MISSING  
PERSON'S** REPORT!  
A **HUMAN  
PERSON**!

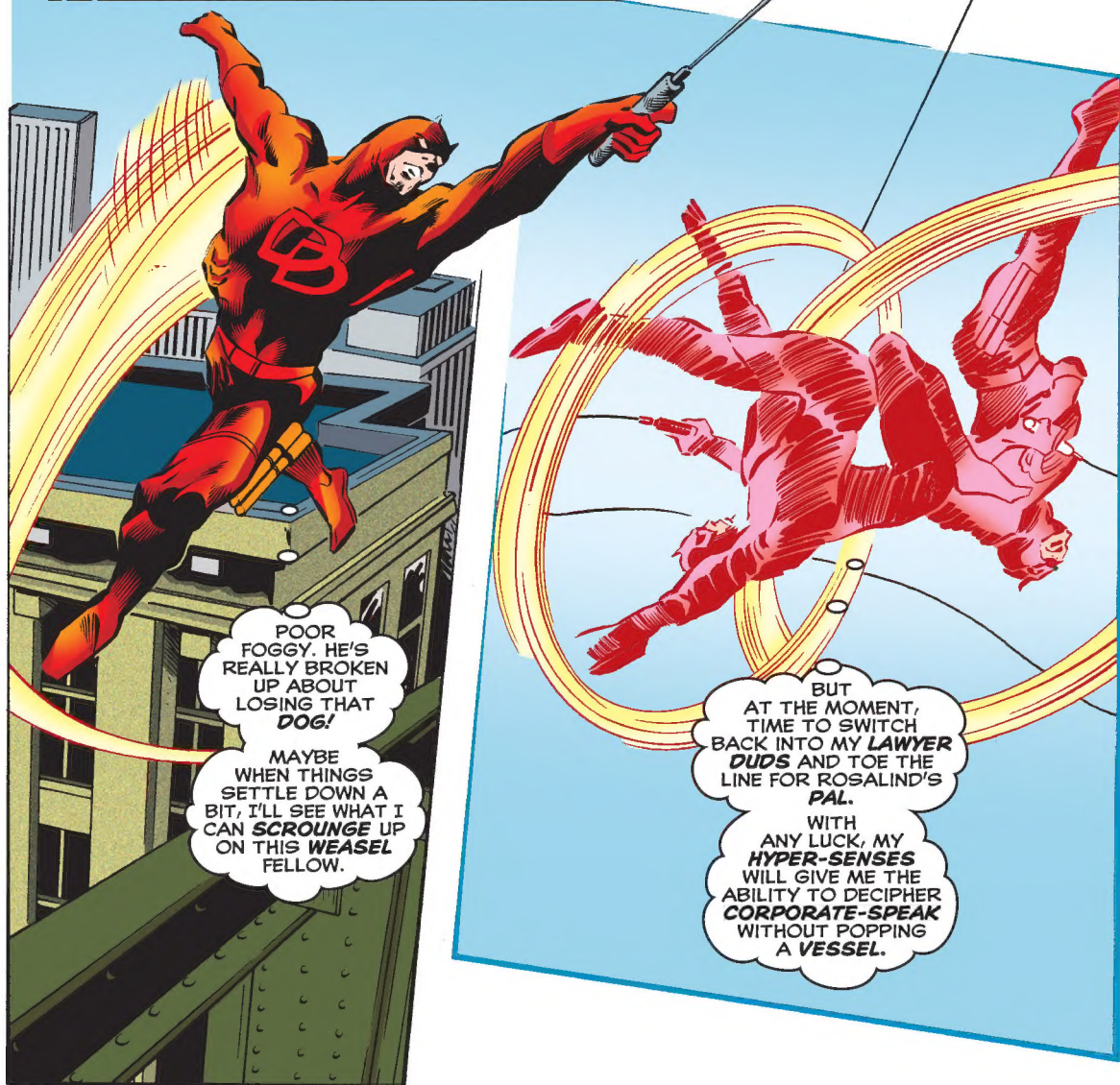
DEUCE  
IS A BETTER  
FRIEND  
THAN MOST  
PEOPLE!

ABOUT  
**TEN YEARS**  
OLD, **ENERGETIC**...  
AND HE'S GOT A  
GREAT SHEEN TO  
HIS COAT. WHAT  
ELSE DO YOU  
NEED?





**L**ATER... AFTER A QUICK CHANGE OF D'APPAREL, JUST OUTSIDE OF THE AMERICOMP OFFICES...







FIRST  
I'LL JUST TAKE  
A SEC TO SCAN  
THE AREA WITH  
MY RADAR  
SENSE --

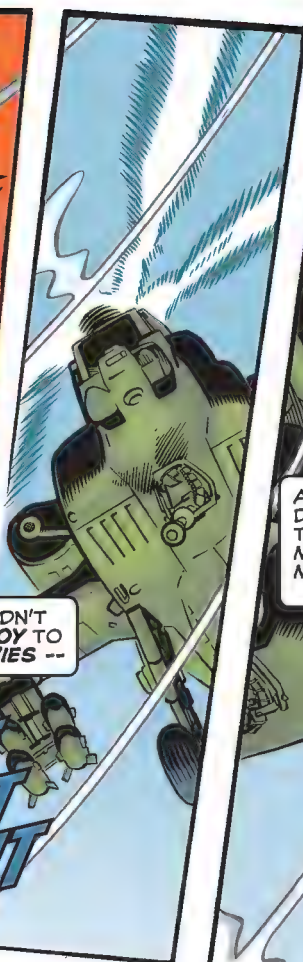
-- MAKE  
SURE NO UNWITTING  
**SUNBATHER** HAS  
TAKEN REFUGE UP HERE  
ABOVE THE SMOG  
FOR --



WHOOPS/  
**WHIRLYBIRD**  
CLOSING IN  
AT TWELVE  
O'CLOCK.

IT CERTAINLY WOULDN'T  
DO FOR SOME **FLYBOY** TO  
SEE ME IN MY **SKIVVIES** --

**FUITFUIT  
FUITFUIT  
FUITFUIT**



THE ENGINE  
ON THAT  
THING  
SOUNDS  
**SHIELDED...**  
ALMOST  
RUNNING  
**SILENT.** A  
MILITARY  
CHOPPER?

A LITTLE  
DEEP INTO  
THE CITY FOR  
MILITARY  
MANEUVERS,  
NO?



AND THAT SURE DOESN'T  
LOOK LIKE A **FORTUNE**  
500 **POWERBROKER** --

I THINK **GATZ'S COMPETITORS**  
HAVE JUST REDEFINED "**HOSTILE**  
**TAKEOVER.**"



I *KNEW* GATZ WAS CONCERNED ABOUT MORE THAN JUST THIS *MEETING*.



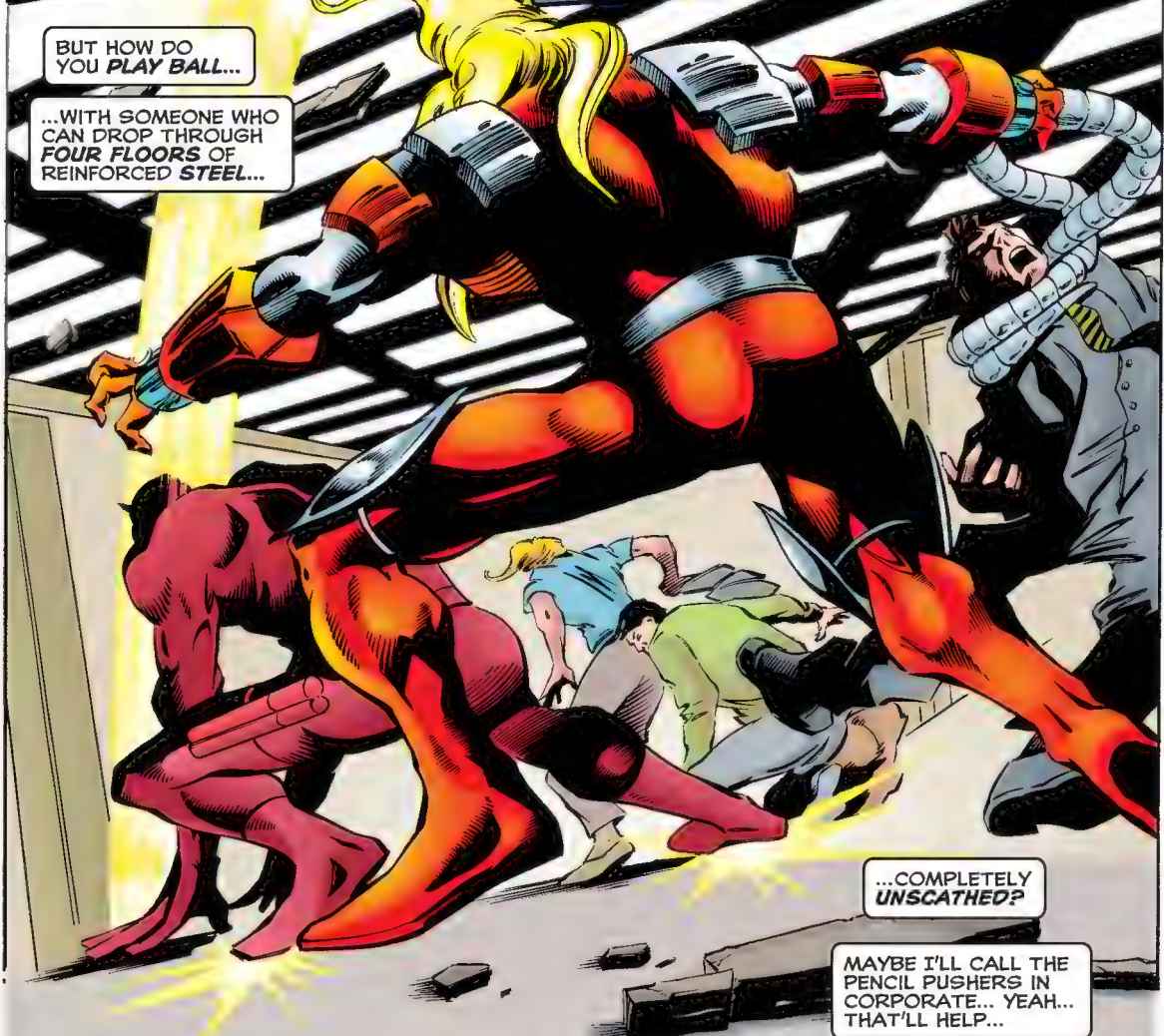
SCORE *ONE* FOR HYPER-SENSITIVITY AND IMPECCABLE INSTINCTS. YAY *ME*.

I JUST HOPE I CAN *RENEGOTIATE* THE TERMS OF THIS LITTLE MEET-AND-GREET BEFORE GATZ TAKES A KILLING IN THE *MARKET*!



BUT HOW DO YOU *PLAY BALL*...

...WITH SOMEONE WHO CAN DROP THROUGH *FOUR FLOORS* OF REINFORCED *STEEL*...



...COMPLETELY *UNSCATHED*?

MAYBE I'LL CALL THE PENCIL PUSHERS IN CORPORATE... YEAH... THAT'LL HELP...





FETCH,  
BOY ♪SNIFF♪  
FETCH...

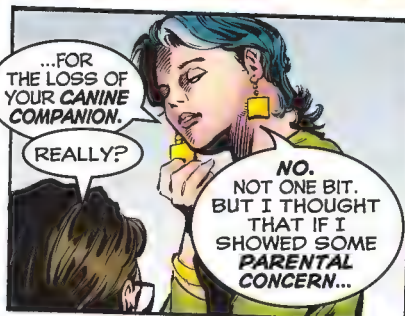
AHEM...



Uh-Oh, HI ROSALIND/  
SORRY, REAL BUSY  
NOW... WHERE WAS  
THAT PHONE...

FRANKLIN,  
PLEASE. YOU'RE  
EMBARRASSING  
YOURSELF.

♪SIGH♪ I  
WANTED TO OFFER MY  
CONDOLENCES...



...FOR  
THE LOSS OF  
YOUR CANINE  
COMPANION.

REALLY?

NO.  
NOT ONE BIT.  
BUT I THOUGHT  
THAT IF I  
SHOWED SOME  
PARENTAL  
CONCERN...



...YOU MIGHT  
GET OFF YOUR  
CORPULENT  
BUTT...

...AND  
START  
WORKING.



INSTEAD,  
I HAVE TO  
RESORT TO THE  
OLD **STANDBY** OF  
WITHHOLDING  
FOOD.



LADIES  
AND GENTS! THIS  
IS THE PART WHERE  
I TELL YOU ALL TO  
STAY **CALM** AND  
PROCEED TO  
THE NEAREST  
**EXIT** --

-- SO  
I'D **APPRECIATE**  
IT IF YOU DIDN'T  
TRAMPLE THE **CIVIC-  
MINDEDNESS** OUT  
OF ME... THANKS,  
**BUH-BYE.**



WE  
HAVE MUCH  
TO DISCUSS, YOU  
AND I. SAY WHAT I  
**WANT** TO HEAR, AND  
YOU MAY **LIVE** TO  
HAVE OTHER...

...LESS **DIRE**  
CONVERSATIONS.

FAIL...  
AND KNOW THE  
COLD EMBRACE...  
OF **OMEGA  
RED!**

♪GAK♪

RULE  
NUMBER  
ONE, UGLY --  
YOU'LL NEVER  
BE INVITED TO  
THE **COMPANY  
PICNIC** BY  
CHOKING AN  
INVITE OUT OF  
THE BOSS!





SO, A  
NEW PLAYER  
JOINS IN THE  
GAME...

...AND  
HE BRINGS  
HIS OWN  
TOYS.

...HOW  
CHARMING.

KTHWOKK

JUDGING  
BY THE **SIZE**  
OF THE GUY, I  
FIGURED IT WAS ALL  
RIGHT TO NAIL HIM  
AT **FULL STRENGTH**  
WITH MY BILLY  
CLUB --

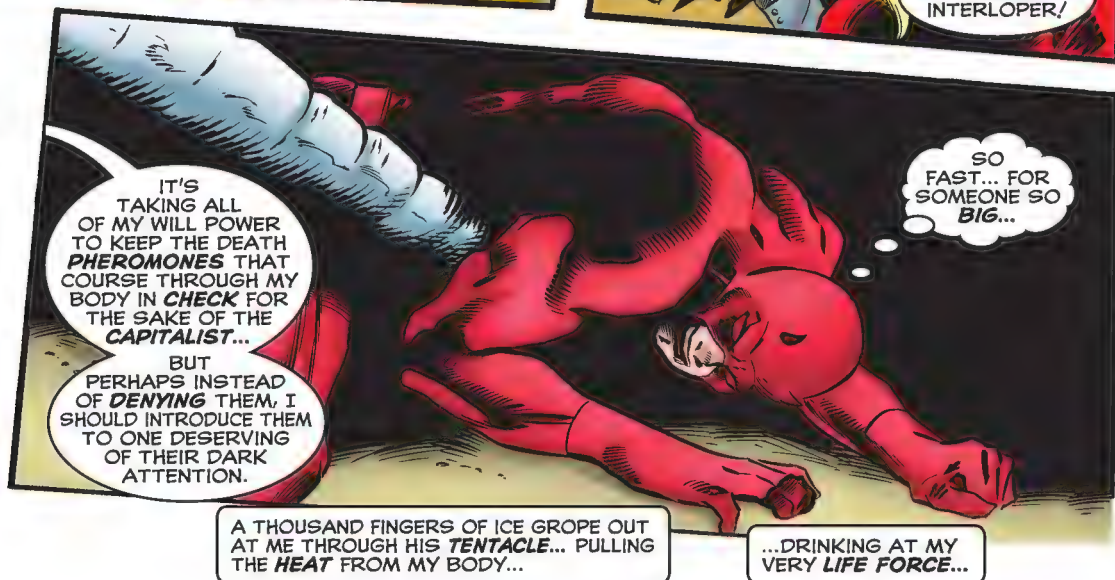
-- BUT HE  
BARELY EVEN  
NOTICED!

CHARMING,  
Mr. RED? WELL,  
I DIDN'T WASTE  
TEN YEARS IN  
FINISHING SCHOOL  
TO END UP  
RUDE!

LET  
ME SHOW YOU HOW  
**POLITELY** I CAN KICK  
THE TAR OUT  
OF --

YOOMPF!

DO  
NOT **TOUCH** ME,  
INTERLOPER!



IT'S  
TAKING ALL  
OF MY WILL POWER  
TO KEEP THE **DEATH**  
**PHEROMONES** THAT  
COURSE THROUGH MY  
BODY IN **CHECK** FOR  
THE SAKE OF THE  
**CAPITALIST...**

BUT  
PERHAPS INSTEAD  
OF **DENYING** THEM, I  
SHOULD INTRODUCE THEM  
TO ONE DESERVING  
OF THEIR DARK  
ATTENTION.

A THOUSAND FINGERS OF ICE GROPE OUT  
AT ME THROUGH HIS **TENTACLE**... PULLING  
THE **HEAT** FROM MY BODY...

SO  
FAST... FOR  
SOMEONE SO  
**BIG...**

...DRINKING AT MY  
VERY **LIFE FORCE**...



REPLACING  
IT... WITH...

BLACK.



COLD.

NOTHINGNESS.



<I AM  
ELIMINATING A MINOR  
COMPLICATION!>

<OMEGA  
RED! SENSORS  
INDICATE YOU HAVE  
ENGAGED THE DEATH  
PHEROMONES!>

<THIS IS  
NOT PART OF THE  
AGREEMENT!>



<NO!  
YOU WILL  
FOLLOW THE PLAN  
TO THE LETTER!  
SECURE THE TARGET.  
NO COLLATERAL  
VICTIMS!>

<STRAY  
FROM THE  
OBJECTIVES,  
AND CONSIDER THE  
DEAL NULL AND  
VOID!>

<THIS IS NON-  
NEGOTIABLE! DO YOU  
UNDERSTAND?>

DA.



ANOTHER  
TIME, PERHAPS,  
YOU WILL LEARN  
THE SWEET TASTE  
OF MY TOUCH,  
DEVIL... BUT FOR  
NOW...

...YOU  
WILL HAVE TO  
BE **CONTENT** WITH  
MERELY **LOOKING**  
AT DEATH'S DOOR  
WITHOUT PASSING  
THROUGH!

LIFE **RUSHES** BACK INTO  
MY BODY... I SWEAR I CAN  
HEAR A SLIGHT **WOOSH**.

SMASHING THROUGH  
OFFICE FURNITURE  
NEVER FELT SO **GOOD**.



I TAKE A SECOND TO  
MAKE SURE EVERYTHING  
IS WHERE IT **SHOULD** BE...



...TRY TO PLACE  
THAT VOICE ON  
THE RADIO --  
**RUSSIAN.**  
**FAMILIAR...** BUT  
DISTORTED...  
CAN'T PLACE IT.

OKAY, ENOUGH WITH  
THE **STALLING**. BACK  
TO **WORK**...



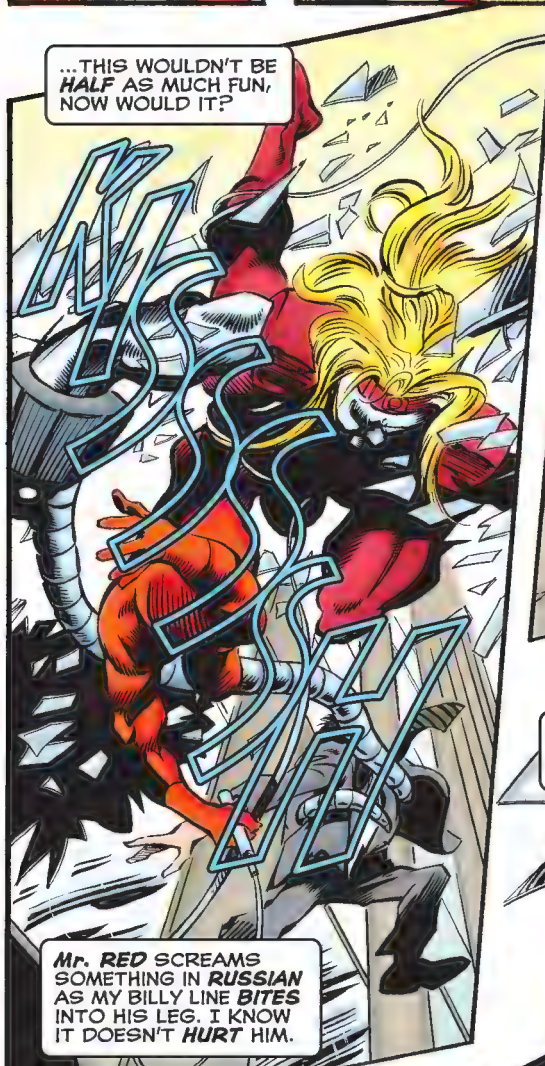
...BACK TO A ZOMBIE WITH  
UNBREAKABLE BONES AND  
AN UNQUENCHABLE **THIRST**  
FOR DEATH... GREAT.

I THINK I'M  
A LITTLE OUT  
OF MY **LEAGUE**  
HERE...



...BUT THEN  
IF I **WASN'T**...

...THIS WOULDN'T BE  
**HALF** AS MUCH FUN,  
NOW WOULD IT?



**Mr. RED** SCREAMS  
SOMETHING IN **RUSSIAN**  
AS MY **BILLY LINE** **BITES**  
INTO HIS LEG. I KNOW  
IT DOESN'T **HURT** HIM.

BUT IT'S THE **LITTLE**  
VICTORIES LIKE **TICKING**  
OFF THE **WALKING DEAD**  
THAT KEEP ME GOING.

LET GO OF MY LINE,  
SENDING IT BACK TO  
OUR POINT OF **EGRESS**,  
AND I'M IN **FREEFALL**.



I'M GONNA BE **REALLY**  
EMBARRASSED IF THIS  
DOESN'T WORK...



MY REP IS *UNSULLIED*  
FOR ANOTHER DAY.  
SWEET *VIBRATO* AS  
MY LINE PULLS TAUT --

-- AND A *CYMBAL CRASH*  
AS TWO HUNDRED POUNDS  
OF ME COLLIDES WITH A  
WHOLE LOT OF HIM.

THUNG

...PLEASE  
RETURN YOUR  
TRAYS TO THE  
UPRIGHT  
POSITION --

AAAAHHH!

PARDON  
ME. 'SCUSE  
ME. PARDON  
ME --

Mr.  
GATZ/ THANK YOU  
FOR PLUMMETING  
WITH RED DEVIL  
AIRLINES...

SORRY,  
BUT THE 'NO  
SCREAMING'  
SIGN HAS BEEN  
ACTIVATED...  
THANK YOU.

WE  
HOPE YOU'VE  
ENJOYED YOUR  
VERTICAL TOUR  
OF THE UNFRIENDLY  
SKIES... PREPARE  
FOR LANDING...

...WE  
APOLOGIZE IN  
ADVANCE FOR ANY  
TURBULENCE --

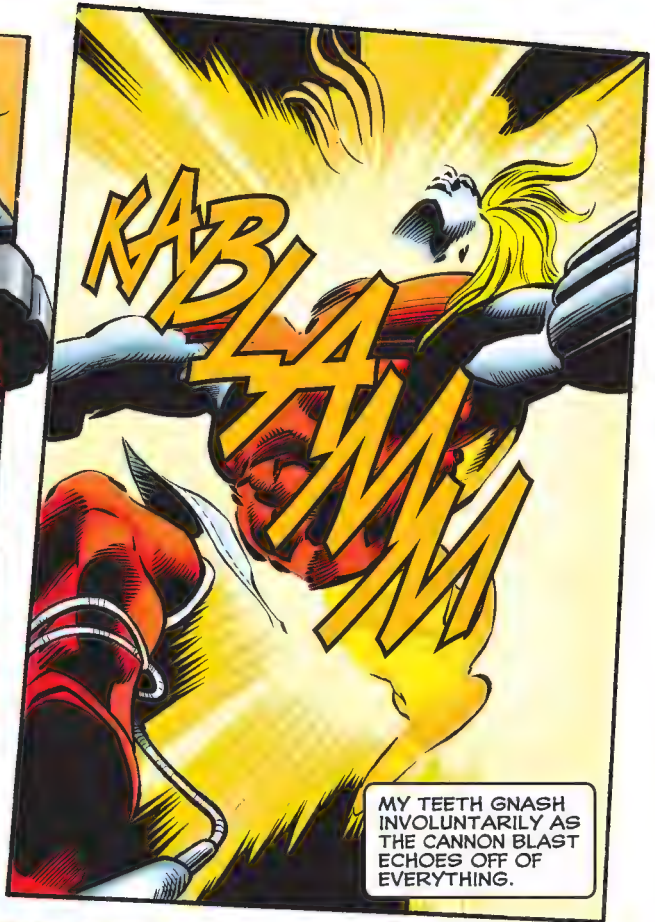
KRINKS!





GATZ IS ALL RIGHT. ONE CRACKED RIB, I THINK. DON'T SENSE ANYTHING ELSE...

...BUT THEN I'M A LITTLE **DISTRACTED**...



MY TEETH GNASH INVOLUNTARILY AS THE CANNON BLAST ECHOES OFF OF EVERYTHING.



WHICH IS SMALL POTATOES COMPARED TO ACTUALLY BEING THE CANNON'S **TARGET**, I SUPPOSE, SO I'M NOT **COMPLAINING**.

MAYBE **CODE: BLUE** HAS FINALLY GOTTEN THEIR **ACT** TOGETHER --


I'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER TO CONGRATULATE THEM ON THEIR...

...QUICK...  
RESPONSE...

...TIME?

WHOA.





IF I COULD **SEE**, I  
WOULDN'T BELIEVE  
MY **EYES**...

...HAVE A HARD **ENOUGH**  
TIME BELIEVING MY **HYPER-  
SENSES**. BUT THE STEADY  
**STACCATO** HEARTBEAT...

...THE SCENT OF  
**CURRENTS** AND  
**GUN OIL**...

...THE WHIPPING  
OF **WILD HAIR** IN  
THE CITY **GUSTS**...

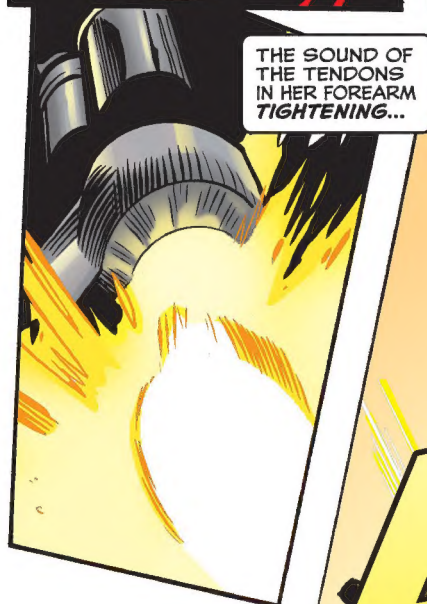
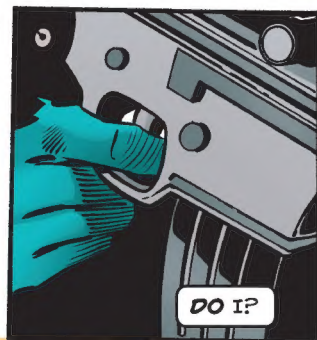
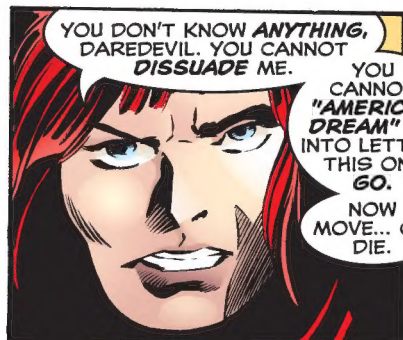
...IT'S THE **BLACK WIDOW**,  
ALRIGHT... AND I HARDLY  
RECOGNIZE HER.

SINCE THE LOSS  
OF THE **AVENGERS**  
DURING **ONSLAUGHT**,  
NATASHA'S BEEN  
WALKING A **TIGHTROPE**  
BETWEEN THE LIGHT...

...AND SOMETHING  
MUCH **DARKER**.









THAT'S  
ONE NASTY  
**PEASHOOTER**  
YOU GOT THERE,  
WIDOW. SURPRISED  
YOUR **AIM** ISN'T  
BETTER --

LEAVE  
**NOW, DEVIL,**  
BEFORE YOU RUIN  
**EVERYTHING!**

BUT  
WE HAVE SO  
MUCH TO **CATCH**  
**UP ON!** YOU HAVE  
TO TELL ME WHAT  
YOU'VE BEEN UP  
TO, WHERE YOU  
GOT YOUR NEW  
"**DO**" --

-- AND  
WHEN YOU  
STARTED TO USE  
HARDCORE **MILITARY**  
**ORDNANCE.**

WE  
BOTH KNOW YOU  
**MISSED** ME ON  
**PURPOSE...**

...SO  
WHY DON'T YOU  
**GIVE** IT UP BEFORE I  
FORGET WE'RE **PALS**  
AND HAVE TO GET  
ALL **MEDIEVAL** ON YOU  
IN FRONT OF THE  
**PAPARAZZI!**

SO MANY OF THEM, TOO!  
NATASHA'S CHANGE OF  
HEART IS GOING TO BE  
PLASTERED ALL OVER THE  
SIX O'CLOCK NEWS --

-- HOW'D THEY GET  
HERE SO **QUICKLY?**

WHATEVER WE  
HAD, **DAREDEVIL...**  
CONSIDER IT **DEAD**  
WITH THE **REST** OF  
THE HEROES!

LEAVE  
ME TO MY  
**WORK...** LEST YOU  
WOULD SUFFER THE  
**CONSEQUENCES.**

THAT WAS NO LOVE TAP.  
SHE'S SERIOUS ABOUT  
GETTING ME OUT OF THE  
**PICTURE** SO SHE CAN  
FINISH OFF **TENTACLE BOY** --

-- STILL... I CAN'T --  
I WON'T BELIEVE --

**KTHOK**

**NRC**





DAREDEVIL,  
PLEASE... I *KNOW*  
WHAT I'M  
DOING.

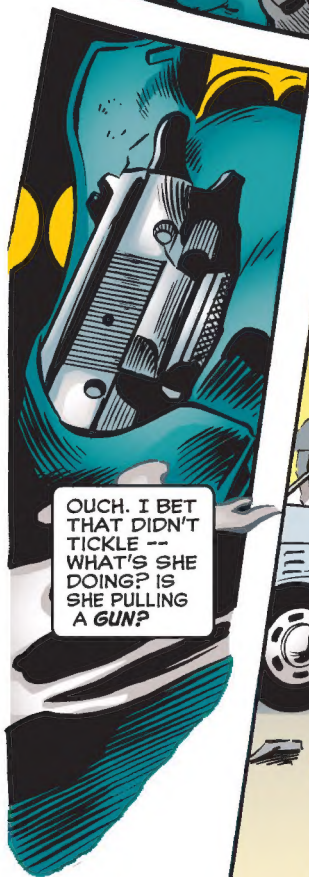


THAT'S  
WHAT I'M  
AFRAID OF,  
NATASHA.

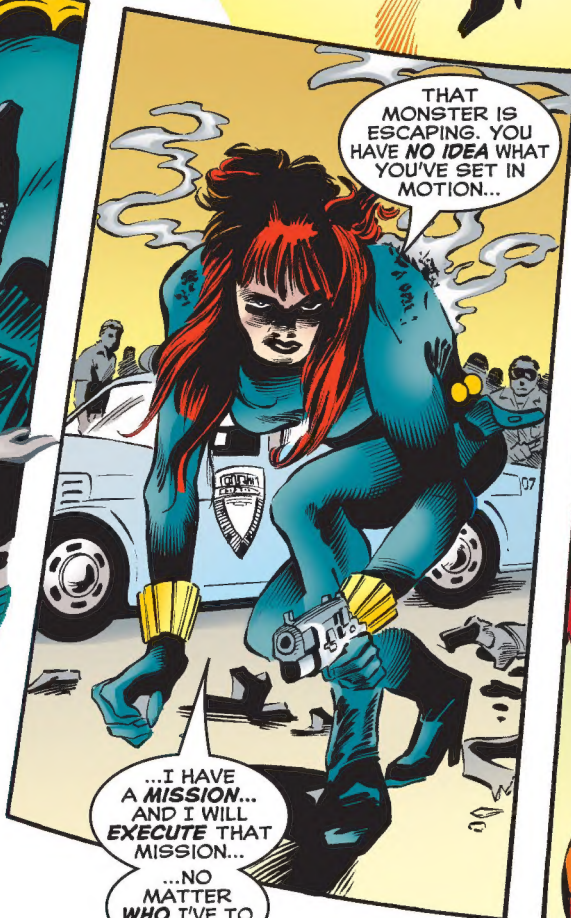
**ZZZAKH**

EVEN THOUGH  
THIS OMEGA RED  
CHARACTER IS  
A TOUGH  
CUSTOMER...

...NO  
ONE'S GOING TO  
PUT HIM DOWN LIKE  
A *DOG* WHILE I HAVE  
SOMETHING TO SAY  
ABOUT IT!



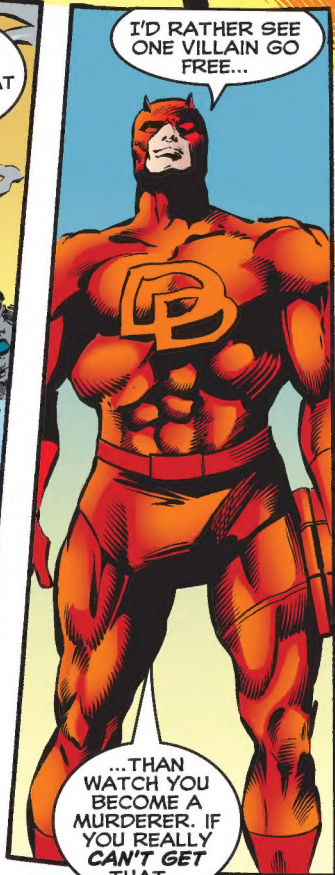
OUCH. I BET  
THAT DIDN'T  
TICKLE --  
WHAT'S SHE  
DOING? IS  
SHE PULLING  
A *GUN*?



THAT  
MONSTER IS  
ESCAPING. YOU  
HAVE *NO IDEA* WHAT  
YOU'VE SET IN  
MOTION...

...I HAVE  
A *MISSION*...  
AND I WILL  
*EXECUTE* THAT  
MISSION...

...NO  
MATTER  
*WHO* I'VE TO  
STOP.



I'D RATHER SEE  
ONE VILLAIN GO  
FREE...

...THAN  
WATCH YOU  
BECOME A  
MURDERER. IF  
YOU REALLY  
*CAN'T GET*  
THAT...

...IF  
YOU'RE NO  
LONGER THE  
WOMAN I CALL  
*FRIEND*...

...THEN  
PULL THE  
*TRIGGER*.





AS YOU WISH.



I HEAR THE AIR SHRED  
IN THE LEAD'S PATH...  
BUT I STILL DON'T  
BELIEVE IT...



...UNTIL I FEEL FIRE  
PIERCE MY RIBS  
AND SHOCK KISS  
MY SPINE...



...RIGHT  
ABOUT  
THEN...

...I'M A  
BELIEVER.

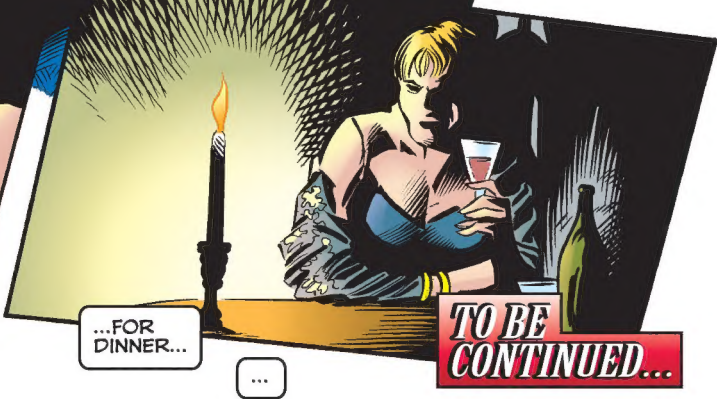
KAREN...



...DON'T  
BE ANGRY,  
HONEY...

...I'M GOING  
TO BE...

...A LITTLE  
LATE...



...FOR  
DINNER...

...

**TO BE  
CONTINUED...**